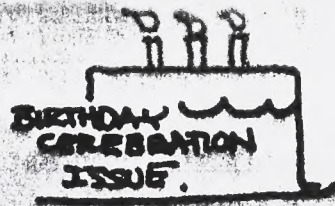


THE CRUMB



Vol. 60, No. 2

The Birth Loaf Writers' Conference

Wed., Aug. 14, 1985

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come...

--William Wordsworth

BILL OF FARE;

9:00	Robert Pack	Lecture: "Enigmatic Reserve"	Little Theatre
10:10	Francine Prose	Lecture: "Three Card Monte: The shell game as fictional technique"	Little Theatre
11:20	William Matthews	Lecture: "Two Easy Pieces"	Little Theatre
2:00	Wendy Weil, agent, speaks.		Little Theatre
4:20	Ron Hansen	Reading from his Fiction	Little Theatre
	Carol Oles	Reading from her Poetry	
8:15	Nancy Willard	Reading from <u>Household Tales of Moon and Water</u> , <u>Things Invisible to See</u> , and newer work	Little Theatre

Introduction to William Blake's Inn

I was seven and starting my second week in bed with the measles when I made the acquaintance of William Blake.

"Tell me a story about lions and tigers," I said to the babysitter. Although it was nearly nine o'clock, I had no desire to sleep.

Miss Pratt, the sitter, looked up at the ceiling on which my father had glued stars that glowed in the dark. Then she said, very softly, a poem that began:

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

"Did you make that up?" I asked, astonished.

"No," said Miss Pratt. "William Blake made it up."

"Does he live close by?"

"He died nearly two hundred years ago," said Miss Pratt. "Lights off. I'm going downstairs."

Two days later there arrived in the mail a little book with wonderful pictures: Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience by William Blake. I am almost sure Miss Pratt sent it. I say almost, because on the title page, in flourishing script, was the following inscription:

Poetry is the best medicine.
Best wishes for a speedy recovery.
yrs,
William Blake

--Nancy Willard

Birthday Presence

Doug Woodsum, who lives and breathes Bread Loaf and owns 20,000 corks, has always wanted to be in The Crumb. Since Woody celebrated his sixtieth birthday here yesterday, we the staff can think of no finer or cheaper gift than this item.

THERE'S MORE ...

Now is the Time for All Good Men to Come to the Aid of Their Party

As you read this, the fleet Fleet of Clydesdales is champing their bits, eager after the long vacation for the season's first BOOZE RUN. Place orders this afternoon at 1:30 in the Blue Parlor, and give your money to the friendly Social Staff so they'll know you're serious. Then stand back as Debbie Lemieux lowers her whip hand to send the Chariots of Firewater careering down the mountain. They'll return laden with fresh, sparkling supplies for delivery in the same Blue Parlor the same evening, after dinner. Don't miss the show!

Natal Error

On behalf of the Front Desk, Paul Sullivan would like you to know that the pink Social Events schedule you recieved fails to mention the movie to be shown next Tuesday. If you have a pen, you might want to squish that in on your sheet. If you have an Italic typewriter, so much the better.

Party Favors

Since the Office Staff does so many of them for you, you'd be ashamed if you forgot to TURN IN YOUR MANUSCRIPTS AND CHOICES OF READERS by 9:00 this morning. Stop on by to share a friendly word or two with the people who fuss over the xerox machine on your behalf.

Go Ahead, Open It!

Please check your mailbox frequently for phone messages and other surprises--given your busy schedules, it's the only reliable way for the Front Desk to get in touch with you.

Just a Little Something I Picked Up

So you're dead set on winning the Marvin Bell Look-Alike Contest, but can't find anything to present? Why not a can of Vermont Maple Syrup, or any of the other fine products on sale at the Bookstore? Buy yourself a championship-winning household item, then keep it to tell your family about. (Note to Carl Stach: the lovable, huggable, inflatable Albert Goldbarth dolls are sold out.)

Presents of Mind

Bob Handy and Leo Hotte are your friends, and you will live to enjoy their company for many summers if you heed their advice:

Please be careful about jogging or walking on the highway. Ask at the Front Desk about the several trails running through this area--they're splendid alternatives.

Please do not park along said highway. It's not only bad form and a risk, it's illegal.

Finally, items with heating elements--most particularly hair dryers--are dangerous unless plugged in to the special sockets provided in the bathrooms.

You can easily burn these beautiful buildings down by overloading their antique wiring.

Party-spirit, Which at Best is But the Madness of Many...

You are cordially invited to, and will be lavishly welcomed at, a gathering to follow the Hansen/Oles reading today, roughly 5:30. Drink will be served on the sunny West Lawn by the Inn. In case of unaccountable precipitation, do join us, convivially under cover, in the Barn.

The Gift of Gab

Now that the real news is done with, the Crumb staff would like to chat with you about informing. There are good and bad sorts. The good sort comes into the Crumb Contribution box outside the Staff office in the Inn--preferably by 2:00 pm for inclusion in the next day's issue. This good stuff includes notices of readings, topics for lectures, and all other gentle reminders.

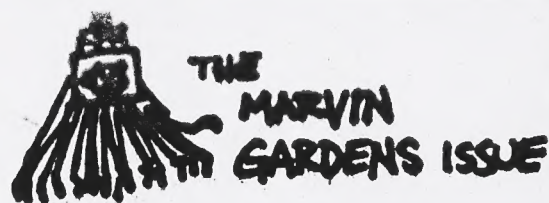
In addition, The Crumb's full-time advice columnist welcomes questions, and will try to answer fully and discreetly. On the other hand, the Bad Sort of Information is the Heart's Blood of this Paper. Under this heading we include distorted or entirely fictional comments overheard, culled out of their contexts, turned over to the Crumb-Editor at dinner or behind the barn, and splashed mercilessly across the page for all to wonder at. Under this heading we also include gossip, such as observations indiscreetly made in conversations with people you forgot were the Crumb Editor. Ask Judy Cofer about this. Said Editor is a master of disguise, but for your peace of mind we'll just say that he mostly hangs out in his office in the library and never shows up at parties. Think of him, then, as your priest: kindly, a bit retiring, but always willing to help you unburden yourself when you most need to. Let him worry about rumors, so you can get down to the business of being natural and learning in unexpected ways.

Have a splendid first day, and let us know what happens.

your friend and confidant,

The Editor

THE CRUMB



Vol. 60, No. 3

The Bell Loaf Lettres' Conference

Thurs., Aug. 24, 1985

I had been a bell all my life, and never knew it
until that moment I was lifted up and struck.

--Annie Dillard

A LA CARTE:

9:00	Hilma Wolitzer	Lecture	Little Theatre
10:10	Marvin Bell	Lecture	Little Theatre
11:20	Geoffrey Wolff	Lecture	Little Theatre
2:00	Discussion Groups		Locations posted on bulletin board outside Dining Hall
4:00	Andrew Hudgins	Reading from the poetry of A.H.	Little Theatre
	Bob Shacochis	Reading from the fiction of B.S.	
	Leslie Ullman	Reading from the poetry of L.U.	
8:15	Ron Powers	Reading from <u>White Town Drowsing</u>	Little Theatre

The Mississippi runs through nearly every remembered picture I have of Hannibal. It is visible from all the hilltops that ring the old central business district, including the top of Union Street Hill, where my maternal grandparents lived. More than a visual memory, though, the Mississippi asserts itself in my thoughts as an almost sentient presence of weight and movement--a savvy channel out there on the innocent prairie, profound with some secret intelligence, or at least the sort of volition associated with lifeblood.

The river lent animation to the town; the river blessed and cursed Hannibal with animation in much the same way that Mark Twain blessed and cursed Hannibal with his legacy. The blessing lay in the river's usefulness as a marketing conduit, and in its beauty, and in its irresistible metaphor as memory; Hannibal has always been dreamily in love with its unrequiting past. The curse lay in flooding. Six or seven times a century, the Mississippi River would swell up out of its channel and submerge the very epicenter of commerce (railroads, hotels, restaurants, shops and and stores) that its animating force had coaxed to the riverbanks. Hannibal's most peculiar trait has been its susceptibility to ruination from its assets.

The Mississippi worked on the deeper instincts. Its soundless summer-day shimmerings, its deadpan placidity and friendly lappings in nonflooding times, only sharpened its intimation of sentient weight and movement, and lent the river a patina of terror--the kind of terror felt not so much when one was gazing at the river and and astonished by its daylight majesty, but later, at night, and forever, in one's dreams.

--Ron Powers, from White Town Drowsing

STOCK PHRASES

This afternoon there will be the West Lawn of the Inn, reading, at 5:30. You will talk there, free, so bring Barn will be thoughtfully gathering, a party in all take

an All-Conference Reception on after the Hudgins/Shacochis/Ullman Receive drinks and food and fine your mouth. In case of rain, a provided. In case this is a fictional respects similar will actually place.

BELL CANTO

Madriguy Dick Mounts reports the first meeting of the "usually unaccompanied" Madrigal Singers "a harmonious success." However, adds El Maestro, "more singers are needed. I do not offer a competitive compensation package, but singing improves cardiorespiratory response and is less hazardous than jogging or jousting. Madrigal singing is also versatile, suitable for cocktail parties and formal dinners." At which Bread Loaf functions, may I interject, they will perform. "Rehearsals will continue nightly between the measures marked 'dinner' and 'evening reading', in the Barn."

CANT BRINGTO

Unfortunately, the Dining Room is too small. There are no guest tickets available for the Final Banquet next Friday, and you mustn't bring guests in spite of this fact. Our apologies.

Going to yellow --

CLEAR AS A BELL

"Dear Crumb(s): Please include a clear notice about Sat.'s costume party and Sunday's 20's dress-up. We are confused." Signed, presumably, Confused. Well, Connie, I'd be happy to oblige.

Just as you've begun to remember names and faces, Bread Loaf offers you two chances to forget them all. The first is that dance you mentioned, which happens Saturday. We request that you come dressed or pantsed as your favorite author. Albert Goldbarth, say. On Sunday, there is a Croquet Match--probably on the Lawn in front of Tamarack--to which you might come in Croquet Garb, whatever that happens to be. Use your discretion. More details to come in future issues.

CLEAR AS A BELLE

Many people on this campus are searching for a Real Princess. Something is being done about it. Tonight, one of you will have special trouble sleeping. Consider that there may be a Pea hidden under your downy mattresses. We'll be looking for you.

MOB BELL

Bob Handy says that the pay phones work, but that as the price for a local call or operator is still a Vermont low of ten cents, the phones do not respond to quarters. Also please read the phoning directions printed on the rare device--there are Vermont quirks. Also also, remember to check your mailbox for phone messages, especially after meals and evening soirees.

JIM GIRARD, INSTEAD

Wishes you who write on computers to know that a leaflet describing an electronic writer's workshop (run by Bread Loaf alumna Sharon Lerch) is available in the Blue Parlor. Help yourself. Jim also says that "Anyone wanting to know more" is invited to look him up here.

EXCITABELL BOY

High Anxiety is tonight's movie, to be shown in the Barn at 9:30 tonight unless I am very much mistaken, which happens.

POTATO HEADS

Fit yourself out with one at the impressive series of parties to be held tomorrow. The Potatable Heads on the Social Staff will help you get fried, hashed browned, mashed, or even O'Briened at:

A Cocktail Meet behind the Little Theatre, on the Library Porch, 5:30.

A gala buffet Dinner, served on the West Lawn, thereafter.

The Birthday Party to end them all, following Bob Pack's reading, in the Barn, featuring a fine Birthday Cake and a virulent Champagne Punch. We promise protruding eyes and a curious urge to bury yourself.

BE THERE WITH BELLS ON

Pete Nelson brung his guitar, and wants to play with any BLWC musicians. Drop a note--or a whole riff--in his box.

HIGH HEEL ANXIETY

Sue Ellen Thompson wants to meet anyone with a pair of black high heels, roughly size seven, about the dance Saturday. See her in the Bookstore or send her an intriguing letter. Said Bill Matthews, when approached: "I have a pair, but they're in my other pants."

THE BELLE SHOAF WRITERS' CORRESPONDENCE

Reading Assemblywoman Diann Shoaf would like you to begin being curious about the Readings by the Administrative Staff (next Tues, Wed, at 3:00), and the Non-Working Scholars (Sun, Mon, nights after the 8:15 reading). Details to come.

But MORE IMPORTANTLY STILL, SHE WISHES YOU TO UNDERSTAND that the Grossman and Gray Lectures will be switched, the former taking place Monday at 3:00, the latter Tuesday at 2:00.

THERE WERE BELLS ON THE HILL, BUT I NEVER HEARD THEM RINGING

And, now, what you've all been listening for...OVERHEARD at Treman: "Get up here and then I'll grovel." "I would smash a Coke bottle over my nose to win you." "That guy is so preppy, I bet he never goes blind." In the Barn: "When I was in my prehistoric period..." By the Courts: "The dumbest oversights of Romantic Free Verse are comparable not so much to playing the game without a net as to playing the game without balls." Behind the Kitchen: C--"If you touch me there, you'll discover that I don't have any niblets." J--"I already know that."

You probably already guessed that C stands for Cathy Young and J for John Canaday. Submit your guesses to The Crumb concerning the following quote--who said it to whom, and why?

"You're the only brown girl I know here."

Have another splendid day.

MOMENTARY STAYS AGAINST CONFUSION:

9:00	Mark Strand	Lecture	Little Theatre
10:10	Nancy Willard	Lecture: "High Talk in the Starlit Wood: How to Write About Things That Go Bump in the Night"	Little Theatre
11:00	Stanley Elkin	Lecture	Little Theatre
2:00	Editors:	Panel Discussion of Editing	Little Theatre
4:00	Judith Moffett Bob Houston	Reading from her Poetry Ditto from his Fiction	Little Theatre
8:00	Bob Pack	Reading from his Poetry	Little Theatre

Please give me room, Howard! I've tried before
to tell you this--I have to leave you, oh
that came out wrong, there's no way I can find
the words that sound as if I'm making sense.
Not you, Howard, it isn't you I'm leaving,
it's Vermont, the starving deer, the spring
that never comes, the gloomy ice and clay.
Even when late sun lingers on the birches,
darkness fills my mind. I need more light,
more red--not just a pair of cardinals,
but flocks of them. There's no red in the earth;
purple spreads in the mountains when the sun
descends behind the hemlock trees as if
the animals were grieving there. And fall
comes much too soon, the yellows are too brief;
I don't have time here to forget myself.

I want to go to Tucson where I lived
before my mother died, where stones are red,
the desert light feels red--a gradual,
slow, steady red. I need more time to dwell
on images I want to paint. Don't joke
again about my always seeing red!
You said once that my painting is the cause,
but that's not first; I need a different light
than you to see, and then the paintings come.
You need Vermont, you need an inward light;
you need the feeling that each day is hard.

Love cannot feed itself with love. We've tried.
Love needs something outside itself--children--
and we've delayed deciding that too long.

--Robert Pack
from "Trying to Separate",
Faces in a Single Tree

SLEEPY POSTUREPEDIC MISTRESS

Bread Loaf's Genuine Princess may reveal herself today.. Be on the listen-out.

ONE WOE DOTH TREAD UPON ANOTHER'S HEEL

Sue Elegant Thompson needs shoes or arch support from anybody on this campus
with size seven feet. She would love black high heels, and be happy to explain
why.

RAKES AMONG SCHOLARS AND SCHOLARS AMONG RAKES

The Annual Scholars' reading will be held in Barn Classroom 2 Sunday and Monday,
roughly at 9:15 pm. The Scholars themselves will be held roughly by appointment.

AND ONE MAN IN HIS LIFE PLAYS MANY PARTS

My, there's lots to do today! In among this rich schedule of readings and discussions are some social events the busy Potiontates of Bread Loaf would have you enjoy. First, you can mewl and perhaps puke at the Gala Birthday Celebration around the Library Porch at 5:30. Then creep with your shining morning faces to the Also-Gala Banquet in the Dining Hall, where you'll find delectables to sigh like a furnace or make strange oaths over. After your belly is with good capon lin'd, and after Bob Pack finishes dispensing his wise saws and modern instances, we'll turn again toward childish treble, and end this strange eventful history with a second childishness, sans taste: the Birthday Cake and Punch Party in the Barn. You might wish to know also that these gatherings are fancierdress than usual, so get gaudy. Which leads into the next item...

SOME MARK OF VIRTUE ON HIS OUTWARD PARTS

Please do come as you would like to be to Saturday night's dance. Your favorite author will live again and behave just like we do only if you choose to dress fittingly. Otherwise, we'll just have a dance, an activity this Editor still sternly disapproves of, and beer, which he likes even less, in a Barn he feels nothing for. These shindys can be the best of the summer if you bring a willing spirit and wear its clothing.

O THE IDEA WAS CHILDISH, BUT DIVINELY BEAUTIFUL

There will be an open panel on Children's Literature next Thursday at 3:00 in the Little Theatre, featuring answerers Hilma Wolitzer, Nancy Willard, and Mark Strand. Be curious; remember, you were once written for in unusual ways.

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING, THE VARIED CAROLS I HEAR

Diann Shoaf from the Staff of Loaf would that you remember the Waitroids' "Blue-Scholar Worker" readings next Wednesday and Thursday nights after the 8:15 readings.

YES DEPOSIT, NO RETURN

Please remember to check your mailbox after meals and evening events, or life will pass you by.

SHACING UP

Judy Cofer was the Brown Girl Bob Shacochis rhapsodized about in yesterday's Crumb. Congratulations to James who guessed Judy correctly, and to whoever thought Shakespeare and the Dark Lady still attended Bread Loaf.

TAKING STOCK

I humbly apologise for my last batch of errors in this formerly reputable paper. I feel you're all entitled to some explanations. First, about High Anxiety: my sources are unnameable, because I just guessed. Secondly, my dog ate the correct date. Thirdly, some sources of information whom I will protect for now (Carol, Andie, etc.) told me that the dinner tonight was going to be on the West Lawn, knowing what a sore spot that is for me. I have exposed myself to ridicule for the last time. From now on, there will be a big change in this organization, and every error you see here from now on will be for a more or less good reason. I will also open the hitherto sealed personal files of everyone else's errors, and will open first those of the folks who insist on reminding me every day that I am a bonehead. Thanks for your vigilance!

THAT'S THE WISE THRUSH; HE SINGS EACH SONG TWICE OVER

Madrigalleons will rehearse again tonight in the Barn after dinner.

LEST YOU THINK HE NEVER COULD RECAPTURE/THAT FIRST FINE CARELESS RAPTURE

OVERHEARD about Poets in Bill Matthews' workshop: "We're pretty high on the food chain." In the field: "Sydney Lea is a Neo-Plutunist." Under the trees outside the Barn: "For a man, I think that Marvin Bell is wonderful." "All you need to do when you're hot is hold an ice cube." In Treman: A--"I just go for as many as I can and stop counting." B--"She can't count that high." On the Inn Porch: "You'll know I like you when I punch you on the shoulder."

Have a nice Friday, and pace yourself.

THE CRUBM

ERROR
FREE ISSUE.

Vol. 60, No. 5

The Bread Loaf White-Out Conference Sat., Aug. 17, 1985
This is the wandring wood, this Errour's den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware.

--Edmund Spenser, The Faerie Queene,
Canto I

CORRECTIONS:

9:00	Linda Pastan	Lecture	Little Theatre
10:10	Ron Powers	Lecture	Little Theatre
11:20	Panel Discussion on Research		Little Theatre
2:00	Discussion Groups	Same places as Last Time	
4:00	Paul Mariani	Reading from <u>Prime Mover</u> and newer poems	Little Theatre
8:15	Hilma Wolitzer	Reading from a novel-in-progress	Little Theatre

vi November 9th: Friday afternoon. 3:00 P.M.

A bowl of hot corn chowder, a piece of bread, an orange.
I picked up two white woolen blankets from the chest
& walked down to the rocks I'd come across that morning
out beyond one of the neglected garden paths which criss-

cross this old estate. I was Alice in the garden,
discovered long-necked bottles from a picnic lunch left
these sixty years, inching down the unresisting dank
& spongy moss, walked through the ruined tennis courts,

roots of scrub-oak, pine, and seaplum breaking up the clay.
Again I saw an image of the path I had chosen when,
a frightened kid of twenty-three I took her for my wife,
a girl of twenty-one, to trek together through underbrush

& clearing, in time taking three sons into the ruined garden
with us. I thought of how I'd tried to change halfway
through the journey & make it work with words: the Mad
Hatter's mad American Soliloquy. I understood now

that all of that was finished, that there was work at home
to do. The wind was nearly screaming when I found my way
out of the garden.

--Paul Mariani, excerpted from "The Eastern
Point Meditations", Prime Mover

Maureen has left an old red Sunday missal for Nora's comfort and redemption. It's the kind they haven't used in years, since Pope John the twenty-something started turning things around. Nora opens it and holds it close to her eyes, trying to focus in the opaque, textured light. The print is much too small, and she can't make anything out. But she can guess what it says, the way she used to guess when she was a child and had not yet learned to read. It was a clever trick, encouraged by the grownups--three- or four-year-old Nora "reading" the headlines in The Herald. She'd held the paper close then, too, in imitation of adult concentration, and for the delicious, drugging odor of printer's ink. "The sun...is...big!" she would announce, squinting at the black, mysterious symbols on the page. "Mama...is making...bread!" Everyone would laugh and love her for being so funny and bright, and she would laugh, too, because it was so easy to please. First lessons in seduction. The real readers in the family hunched over real words in schoolbooks, and scowled in her direction for being the beloved and ignorant baby.

Now she can't read anymore, but she is no longer ignorant, or beloved. The frontispiece of the missal is familiar, though, a miniature of that picture in her childhood dining room, of Christ's Last Supper.

--Hilma Wolitzer, from In The Palomar Arms

BUT WANDER TOO AND FRO IN WAYES VNKWOWNE

The Crumb Editor needs a guiding hand in many instances, and would like to remind readers and lecturers that he needs their lecture topics and tables of contents by 2:00 the afternoon before for inclusion in the next day's paper. He won't always be able to find you personally by press time.

LED WITH DELIGHT, THEY THUS BEGUILE THE WAY

Much as it displeases me to do so, I must remind you of the Dance tonight. I guess there'll be beer, mudsliding, and crawdads, because it says here you're supposed to come as your Favorite Otter. No, wait. Let me try again.

Cruise on over tonight as your favorite Auto. Ummm, change your oil and put a tiger in your tank at the Service Station, then bump and grind at Bread Loaf's first Demolition Derby of the session. We'll be rolling down the windows and cranking up the radio after Hilma's reading tonight.

I think that's it.

SO MANY PATHS, SO MANY TURNINGS SEEN

The ScholarGypsies take their show on the road Sunday and Monday Nights after the Evening readings. Much to choose from; you'll want to take them all home.

THUS WELL INSTRUCTED, TO THEIR WORKE THEY HAST

Dick Mounts, who now calls himself by an Italian name meaning roughly "stringed instrument of affection", will gather his lovers of Choral Song together for a rehearsal in the Barn, after dinner.

WHO OFT IS WONT TO TROUBLE GENTLE SLEEP

A couple of brand new agapes for late night conferrors: The Tanqueray and Shrimp Toast Swap Meet behind Tamarack, 5:09 AM Monday Morning, and a Pajama Sword Dance at the Tea Cabin Tuesday, 3:30 AM until dawn. See John Canaday for details.

THAT LASIE SEEMD IN BEING EUER LAST

Please leave the Dining Hall timelyly, so that the Waitresses/Waiters can get to events on time.

ERROTTER/ERRAUTO

I'm sorry for bungling again. Come to the dance as your favorite Ataturk.

AT LENGTH THEY CHAUNST TO MEET VPON THE WAY

This is so exciting I can hardly keep still! The White-Scholars and Blue-Scholar will pit themselves against the Odd-Fellows and Lost Faculties, respectively, in this Saturday's Croquet Classic. Everyone else can choose their own classic matches by signing up outside the Dining Hall. If we have too much fun, excess Croquet will continue after Francine Prose's reading.

Also, Sunday will shine upon the Annual Writers' Cramp Run, a non-competitive 3½ mile jaunt through the Vermont countryside (10:00 am) and the Sunday Bloody Sunday Bloody Party behind Bridgman at 12:15 pm. Oh, BOY!

WHICH WHEN BY TRACT THEY HUNTED HAD THROUGHOUT

"Doug--I lost a pin last night somewhere between the Inn and Gilmore (and between the whiskey and tequila!) It's square with rhinestones, of nothing but sentimental value. Could you put in a notice to that effect? I'd love to have it found. Thanks-- Amy, Larch 4 "

THEN SEEMED HIM HIS LADY BY HIM LAY

A Ms. Luepnitz, who spent a sleepless night only to find a pearled pin shaped like a Smith-Corona beneath her bed, has resigned herself to being the Princess' typist. And the adventure continues...

RUNS, HITS, AND ERRORS

For those who have waited so patiently:

In the National League East, the Mets are ½ game ahead of the Cards as of yesterday, having bounced the Phillies 10-7. St. Louis also sank the Pirates (no big deal) 3-1.

In American League East action, the Yankees are in second place by 7 games behind the Blue Jays, smelling up the White Sox by that same score, 10-7. Boston's 14 games out, in fifth (Detroit and Baltimore preceding), and they'll have played the Yanks by the time you read this. The Library has a copy of the Times if I don't print the latest.

THAT WHEN HE HEARD, IN GREAT PERPLEXITIE

I'm sorry not to be able to include all the wonderful submissions today--hope you can wait until tomorrow. For now: OVERHEARD in Treman "I'll provide the vine if you go as Sheena..." (Bob Reiss suggestively to D.Le M.) In front of Maple: A--"I think Tillinghast enjoys pain." B--"I imagine that's all he gets."

Lead happy and colorful lives. Until tomerror...

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I learn by going where I have to go.

--Theodore Roethke

UNCANONICAL HOURS:

Matins through Sext: **Free Time. Rest.**

None: Francine Prose (4:00) Reading from her Prose Little Theatre

Vespers: William Matthews (8:15) Reading from his Poems Little Theatre

Now I knew why this dybbuk had picked me to possess: we both had cold hearts. Like Sarah at the foot of the mountain, Benno would suffer for my sake. And while I was up there making sacrifices for art, he'd get tired of waiting and leave. Meanwhile, Mama and Papa would go danceless into their graves while I did loop-the-loops in the clouds. If only I could change--but I couldn't. The angel had tapped me with its icy wand. These ugly truths weighed on me, and when they got as heavy as I could stand, I shrugged and said, "If we don't get out of Buenos Aires in twenty-four hours, I'm killing myself!"

"Dinele!" said Benno, and even in my suicidal state, I realized this was the first time he had called me Dinele in front of the cast.

"Dinah, don't say it," said Clara. "Don't even think it."

I was as shocked as anyone. For a life-loving girl like myself, to threaten suicide was totally out of character. But in real life, I'd noticed, it's not so unusual for people to act out of character. I'd said it--and meant it.

Benno would grieve for a while. I couldn't stand to think about Mama and Papa getting the news. But they'd recover, and in the end it would be kinder than more years of mistreatment from me. The cast would feel sorry in an abstract sort of way, Dalashinsky irritated by the prospect of finding another Leah. And Art wouldn't miss me at all. Suicide had been done before, by better artists than me.

"I'll do it," I promised. "I'll swear it on Mama's and Papa's heads!"

As they all stared at me, I was studying Dalashinsky, the only one of them who knew enough about acting to understand this was for real.

"Children," said Dalashinsky. "Miss Rappoport is not the kind of girl to swear lightly on her Mama's and Papa's heads."

--Francine Prose
from Hungry Hearts

There's fan belts stiffening out back for cars
they haven't made in fifteen years, but if one
of them geezer wagons wobbles in here, we got

the right fan belt for it. We got a regular
cat with a fight-crimped ear and a yawn pinker
than cotton candy in fluorescent light, and we

got the oldest rotating Shell sign on Route 17;
hell, we're a museum. You can get halfway
from here to days beyond recall, and the last

half you never had a chance at, from the start.

--William Matthews, from "Right", A Happy Childhood

AND STRAY IMPASSIONED IN THE LITTERING LEAVES

If even after last night's dance you are hot to trot, The Writer's Cramp Run could be just the thing for your excess ardor. Run a rapturously beautiful 3½ miles to the Homer Noble Farm and back with such luminaries as Stanley Bates; you'll be glad you did. All interested nymphs and satyrs meet outside Cherry for the 10:00 am start.

COFFEE AND ORANGES IN A SUNNY JARRELL

Attention, croquet-weary ones. William Allen, poet, working scholar, and one of my favorite coffee pourers, will present a paper on Randall Jarrell's impossible quest for the German unterwelt in a post-WWII America. "Once down, could he come up again?" Bill asks; he may answer in Barn 2, 2:15 pm today.

THEIR CHANT SHALL BE A CHANT OF PARADISE/OUT OF THEIR BLOOD

Behind Bridgman Cottage today at 12:15, the Pub Crawlers of the Social Staff will give you the Bloody Goods. Come sip, bask, and experience one more thing Bread Loaf is famous for.

THE SILKEN WEAVINGS OF OUR AFTERNOONS

Croquet. A game where the ball stays on the ground. What a restful way to spend this afternoon, starting at 2:00. Scholars meet Fellows, Waitroids meet Faculty, everyone else drinks genteelly and has fun. Dress appropriately.

THAT CHOIR AMONG THEMSELVES LONG AFTERWARD

The Scholars read tonight! The Scholars read tonight! Missn't it, after Bill Matthews' reading.

LARGE-MANNERED MOTIONS TO HIS MYTHY MIND

Crumb Editor Emeritus Bob Reiss is now a book reviewer for National Public Radio. Rather than waiting for publishers' notices, he would love to hear directly from you if you have a good book coming out this following year. See Bob today if you'd like to let him know.

SUPPLE AND TURBULENT, A RING OF MEN

Marvin Bell and William Goldman scream defiance in the faces of any doubles players who wish to challenge their suzerainty of the courts. Bid them packing at breakfast this morning, or any time thereafter--especially if you have a weak serve. They will be patrolling the clay, and waiting for you.

THE SKY WILL BE MUCH FRIENDLIER THEN THAN NOW

Text of the note sent aloft on a Helium-filled Trash Bag, whither the wind wills: "Hi! We're having a blast here at the Bennington Writer's Workshop--drinking, debauching, unlike the serious Writers of Bread Loaf." Last seen heading directly for the trees around Nick Delbanco's house.

AMBIGUOUS UNDULATIONS

Hell of a dance. Congratulations to all who made it so from a cavalier Poet.

SHE SAYS, "BUT IN CONTENTMENT I STILL FEEL/THE NEED FOR SOME IMPERISHABLE BLISS

Fiction writer, F, S for these twelve days only, seeks one novelist or several short story writer's for friendship leading to during poetry readings. Reply Box 2271.

WHERE TRIUMPH RANG ITS BRASSY PHRASE, OR LOVE/WHISPERED A LITTLE OUT OF TENDERNESS

When our shipment comes in of legal-size paper, we'll once again have space for all the brilliant OVERHEARD submissions that have been rolling in. Thank you, thank you. Now, from...Outside the Dining Hall after B'day Banquet: "It was vino in...something...I don't think it was veritas" From Mark Strand: "I don't dance. I stand still and the world dances around me." May it do so today.

BLUE
MONDAY ISSUE.

Mon., Aug. 19, 1985

--William Wordsworth, The Prelude

9:00	Paul Mariani	Lecture	Little Theatre
10:10	Tim O'Brien	Lecture	Little Theatre
11:20	Donald Justice	Lecture	Little Theatre
2:00	Panel	Little Magazines	Little Theatres
3:00	Elizabeth Grossman	Guest Lecture	Little Theatre
4:00	Wyatt Prunty	Reading from his Poetry	Little Theatre
	David Huddle	Reading from his Fiction	
8:15	Geoffrey Wolff	Reading from Providence, a new novel	Little Theatre

Bell and Shore (Nathan Bell & Susan Shore) will perform in The Barn immediately after tonight's Scholar's Reading. They xx will be singing and playing country music originals, covers, and perhaps a few other things. "

DID HE SMILE HIS WORK TO SEE?

Tonight after supper you may pick up materials for tomorrow's workshops in the hallway outside the Secretaries' Office. Attend any workshop you like, but keep in mind this physical limitation: you can only attend one workshop at a time. So, for instance, choose one of tomorrow's 10:40 am workshops--Willard or Justice or Powers or Bell--and take only the materials for that workshop. Quantities are limited. Each evening, materials will be available for the next day's discussion. Be sure to read them before the workshops; after all, that's the only homework most of us have here.

WHO CASTS TO WRITE A LIVING LINE MUST SWEAT

From Sue Ellen and Martha: Kit Basquin, your sweatshirt has arrived.

THE NIGHT COMETH, WHEN NO MAN CAN WORK

Shirley Stirneman approached the Editor tonight at dinner with a Pea wrapped in a napkin. "I thought I just needed to drink more, but I guess there was a reason beyond that for these exhausting nights," she explained. Since the Court Jesters of this Conference did not plant anything under Ms. Stirneman's bed, we can only assume that divine providence has showed its hand, and that Shirley is a Real Real Princess. We'll never mess with God like this again. Please treat Her Highness accordingly.

MILLWORK AIN'T EASY, MILLWORK AIN'T HARD

Boston area Novelists ought to get in touch with Jonathan Shay, informally, before the Conference ends.

HELL AND HOOVEN SANTMEYER

I can no longer keep this under wraps or in my own office. Around last Thursday, the letters began rolling in from The Ladies of the Club. The influx began thus: Our flashlights are not/for us to see pathways--/so well lit are they/flashlights are, rather,/meant to be/for finding a place for debauchery.

The next dark night, after the Pack reading, I received this request:

If on a dark and stormy night, Clayfeld would muck a Farilyn, the Ladies of the Club insist he share with them his precious tryst.

But tonight, The Ladies mean business. Here are the scarcely-edited missives.

"Yes, Virginia, there are Ladies of the Club. No, they will not copulate with a big-shot editor, agent, or publisher in order to climb the ladder of success.

Yes, Virginia, they will with one so pure, so naive, so speckled with innocence that he doesn't even know Treman exists."

"The Ladies of the Club will have a reading, Tues. night, 10:00 pm, in the Barn. Only sexually explicit or erotic material, unpublished and preferably rejected is acceptable for the reading. Come."

Who are these women?

THE FRIVOLOUS WORK OF POLISHED IDLENESS

Since there are no regularly scheduled social events, this being the serious Monday that it is, let's relive the finest interactive moments noticed over this past weekend...OVERHEARD from man to woman: "I don't see you often enough to waste time being sincere." On the Inn Porch: "You look at the mountains while I look at the hills." At breakfast: "And I thought, if I weren't so drunk, I'd probably be having an epiphany or something." Anywhere: "That was great sex last night. What's your name, anyway?" Outside the Little Theatre: "Are all your poems original?" Marjorie Morningstar to Mark Strand's double at the Dance: MM--"You look terrific." MS--"Soooo?" MM--"So I can't hang out with you; people will think I'm one of your groupies." MS--"Soooo?" MM--"But you're really terrific." MS--"Soooo?" MM--"Great hair." MS--"So do you want to leave with me now?" The real MS, bucking for a lifetime achievement award: "I needed bigger balls and a bigger mallet." Have a fine day.

THE CRUMB

Midway through the Journey of my Life Isar

Vol. 60, No. 8

The Half a Loaf's Better Conference

Tues., Aug. 20, 1985

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravel'd world.

--Alfred, Lord Tennyson

HAVES:

9:00	Alice Turner David Levine or Buddy	of Playboy, on magazine publishing	Blue Parlor Little Theatre
10:40	Nancy Willard Donald Justice Ron Powers/David Bain Marvin Bell	Workshops	Barn Classroom 1 Barn Classroom 6 Barn Classroom 3 Barn Classroom 2
2:00	Paul Gray	Guest talk, reviewing (TIME magazine)	Little Theatre
4:00	Kent Haruf Martha Collins Ben Green	Reading from his fiction Reading from her poetry Reading from his nonfiction	Little Theatre
8:15	Linda Pastan	Reading from her poetry...	Little Theatre

Tonight I understand
for the first time
how a woman might choose
her own death
as easily
as if it were a dark plum
she picked
from a basket
of bright peaches.

It wouldn't be despair
that moved her
or hunger,
but a kind of stillness.
The evenings are full
of closure: the pale flowers
of the shamrock fold
their fragile wings, everything
promised has been given.

There is always
that moment
when the sun balanced
on the rim
of the world
falls
and is lost at sea,
and the sky seems huge
and beautiful without it.

I lie down on my bed
giving myself
to the white sheets
as the white sheets of a sloop
must give themselves
to the wind,
setting out on a journey--
the last perhaps,
or even the first.

--Linda Pastan, "In the Middle of a Life",
from PM/AM: New and Selected Poems

NOR CAN THERE BE THAT DEITY IN MY NATURE/OF HERE AND EVERYWHERE

A gentle reminder that as you cannot be omnipresent, we have only provided enough workshop materials to make up one per customer per time slot. Please preserve your integrity as an individual by taking only one.

ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE

The Rolling Thunder of the White Lightning Clydesdales will echo from these mountains yet again, as the second-weekly Booze Run shows on the road this afternoon. Little has changed over the six days: bring your bar tender to the Blue Parlor at 1:30, place your order with the Toastillions of the Social Staff, and wait with bated breath for the reappearance of the Fleet St. Team at the following event...

PART OF NATURE, PART OF US

Miss Larch Well, Blue Argo's soi-distant relative, requests the honor of your presence at a BYOB party to be held under the eaves and leaves of Larch. Ah, to be held under those eaves! Mixers will be supplied; bring only your blushful Hippocrene and your Romantic tendencies. We will burst joy's grape against our palates fine roughly at 5:30, following the 4:00 readings.

THE ACTORS ARE COME HITHER, MY LORD

The Far From Off-Off-Broadway Players (Charles Coles, Theda Henle, Regina McEvoy, Bill Valentine, Eve Richardson) will read Kit Basquin's one-act play, Paintings and Pushpins, after Linda Pastan's reading tonight, in a Barn Classroom. See it FREE!

SEMI-TOUGH

A note ought to be included: remember the Ladies' of the Club No Holds Barred Erotica Reading tonight in the Barn Proper. Improper. Come find out who they are; tonight also after Linda's reading.

TO ACT A LOVER'S OR A ROMAN'S PART

The Administrative Staff of Loaf will read today in Barn Class Room 2 at 3:00. Today we feature Carl Stach, Sue Ellen Thompson, Woody, Diann Shoaf, Karen Anderson, Robyn Stone, and Cathleen Young. Tomorrow, the rest of the Unresting.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

Please plan to attend one of the most duly celebrated Bread Loaf Gatherings: The Blue-Scholar Workers match up with the Blue Parlor for one of the most fascinating and condensed readings of the summer. The adventure begins Wednesday night, after Tim O'Brien's reading. Come early to find seats.

TAKE HANDS AND PART WITH LAUGHTER; / TOUCH LIPS AND PART WITH TEARS

When you have your morning caffeine rush, wouldn't you love to be reminded of the adrenalin rushes--not to mention the sleep you forwent--at The Writer's Conference? Then for God's sake, why haven't you picked up your very own Bread Loaf Coffee Mug? You can get it autographed by Tireless Carl Stach or by Sleepless Doug Kincade for free; buy an opportunity that only costs once at the Bookstore just as soon as you can!

PARTED ARE THOSE WHO ARE SINGING TODAY

For those of you who noticed the ugly black slash across the early time-period of today's schedule, David Godine and Page Cuddy had last-minute cancellations to make. Alice Turner, Fiction editor of the award-winning PLAYBOY magazine, will speak and answer questions about magazine publishing etc. in the Blue Parlor this morning. Please do come.

IF PARTS ALLURE THEE

Ruth Thomson, fellow Bread Loafer, works as a grant administrator in The Literature Program at the National Endowment for the Arts. On Wednesday afternoon after the 4:00 pm readings, she will meet in the Little Theatre with any and all curious writers who want to learn more about grants from the Federal Government.

BECAUSE THEY NEVER PARTED

Call George Murphy today to tell him that we've raised money to bring him to Bread Loaf. Call collect, (305) 296-4244.

PART OF YOU

Culled by Carol from past Crumbs:

There was a young lady at Bread Loaf
Who said, "I'm beginning to dread both
The Lectures and Clinics--
They're turning out Cynics,
And sadly affecting my head growth.

When all good Fellows get together,
What's a poor Contributor to do?

If I had the wit of our Editor,
I wouldn't be here as an Auditor;
I'd spend my time in glorious ease
Living on my royalties.

Instead I labor ode and sonnet--
My bread has no Blue Bonnet on it--
Rejection slips pile up and
yellow;
O to be young and a Bread
Loaf Fellow!

AND SAVED SOME PART/OF A DAY I HAD RUED
OVERHEARD in Treman:

"There seems to be an Emperor's New Clothes Syndrome here."

Stay wealthy!

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

--Shakespeare, The Winter's Tale

PLACES TO GO, THINGS TO SEE:

9:00	Geoffrey Wolff	Workshop	Barn 3
	Mark Strand		Barn 2
	Stanley Elkin		Barn 1
	William Matthews		Barn 6
10:40	Linda Pastan	Workshop	Barn 6
	Tim O'Brien		Barn 1
	Paul Mariani		Barn 3
	Hilma Wolitzer		Barn 2
2:00	Stanley Bates	Lecture: "Morality and Literature"	Little Theatre
4:00	Tom Gavin	Reading from his Fiction	Little Theatre
	Ellen Schwamm	Reading from her Fiction	
	Richard Tillinghast	from his Poetry	
8:15	Tim O'Brien	Reading the last chapter of <u>The Nuclear Age</u>	

Cacciato: the same pink spot at the crown of the skull. A little bigger than he had remembered him. Sparrow-eyed. Munching on gum, roundfaced, misshapen. ... Staying with the crowds, he tracked him through a huge iron pavillion and then down to the Rue Baltard to the Fontaine des Innocents. Cacciato stopped there, pulled out a loaf of bread, broke it in half, and began feeding the pigeons. Methodically, as though it were a job to be done, he threw out crumbs until the entire loaf was gone, then he picked up his basket and moved down a chain of winding streets into a part of Paris that Paul Berlin had never seen. It was poverty. Thickset roofs clung to one another as if designed to block out sunlight; everywhere there were tenements running in bleak rows like barracks, one to the next. There was no beauty in it, no elegance or charm.

--Tim O'Brien, from Going After Cacciato

THE USE OF TRAVELING IS TO REGULATE IMAGINATION

The Administrative Staff reads again, like clockwork, at 3:00 pm this afternoon in Barn 2. If you wandered out for yesterday's reading, you'll know what we mean when we say you won't want to miss us. Today's tour takes you past Blue Argo to Debbie LeMieux to Chris Merrill to Andie Yellott, Judy Cofer, Doug Kincade, Ben Reynolds, and John Canaday. For better or for worse, Doug Woodsum says he will not read again.

GOING AFTER CACCIATORE

Doug Woodsum will also not read at the Waiters' Conference/Blue Scholar reading tonight in the Blue Parlor after Tim's reading, but I will admit anyway that this is one event that keeps me coming back year after year. Curl up on the floor and enjoy yourselves to some of the finest new writing on the American scene.

HE CAME ON LIKE A WEEK IN THE BAHAMAS

Our Florida Bureau reports several unconfirmed sightings of George Murphy heading north for the summer. When last spotted, he had figured out how to tie his niking boots, and hefting his knapsack of electronic equipment and alligator ashtrays, strode purposefully off into the Georgia pines, whistling "I Like it Like That". Travellers' Advisories have been posted.

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

Should you still be interested in pursuing your ideals with Federal Aid, Ruth Thomson will meet with you today after the 4:00 pm readings to discuss grants. Ruth, an administrator for the Literature Program at the National Endowment for the Arts, knows whereof she speaks; see her in the Little Theatre.

THESE PRETTY PLEASURES MIGHT ME MOVE

For those of you too wrought up to attend the Erotica Informal Reading sponsored by The Ladies of the Club, this may be your cup of Bohee: The Psychotic Reading, from the same Movers and Shakers. Bring your most messed-up work; "we're too paranoid to announce a time and place yet..." In the meantime, enjoy this pleasant ditty:

BLONDES AT BREADLOAF: Bread Loaf is full of blondes:/Blondes who also write,
by God;/Who f***, I'll bet/In fields, by night/In rooms, with locks/in showers,
by day.../While in the Barn/the rest ingest/the ejaculations of/the great.

HORSEMAN, PASS BY!

This is an item I was asked to omit from The Crumb.

VOYAGE OF THE DAWN TREADER

Relive the days of your literary youth at the Childrens' Literature Panel, tomorrow at 3:00 pm, following Mary Pope Osborne and Nancy Tilly, and featuring Mark Strand, Nancy Willard, and Hilma Wolitzer.

WITHOUT THE EXPENSE AND FATIGUE OF TRAVELING

You may never need to pack your costumes again for the Writers' Conference, so perfectly may you relive its particular stimulation with a Bread Loaf Mug of java. Be the first on your block to own this indispensable piece of printed porcelain, and pick one up today at Martha 'n' Sue Ellen's.

SAILING TO BYZANTIUM

This clipping found in the Crumb Box: "NEW ORLEANS (AP)--A judge ordered Edward R. Grant III, who said he faked his suicide to draw attention to his novel, to reimburse the Coast Guard for the \$24,000 it spent looking for him.

"U.S. District Lansing L. Mitchell on Wednesday also put Grant on five years' probation. Grant, 40, had pleaded guilty to causing a false distress signal to be sent out.

"Grant was missing for two days in November before he called officials and admitted the hoax. In his "suicide" note, he said he was disappointed by sales of his first novel, "Saints in the Shadows".

Grant said he planned the hoax 'to demonstrate against the video culture I see in New Orleans.'" I'd like to remind all you kids that these stunts are performed by trained professionals. Please don't try this at home.

ALL LIFE MOVING TO ONE MEASURE--/DAILY BREAD

Here we are again... OVERHEARD In the Barn: "Women don't like to parade around naked as much as they used to." "Can I talk about teenage nymphomania?" "I just can't believe you left her tied up there all night and no one missed her at breakfast." "I've got Writers' Ass." Dialogue, same place: A--"Are you a poet?" B--"No, I just hang out with one." A--"Isn't that bad to do?" In front of Maple: "Tillinghast says he knows two words that rhyme with orange." "Houston knows three." Near Tamarack: A--"That's the best poem I've heard since Tillinghast." B--"It is Tillinghast." On the Playing Fields of Eton: "If it's worth going for, it's worth hitting out of bounds."

AVE ATQUE VALE

The Front Office is arranging for taxi and van rides to the Vermont Transit Bus Station in Middlebury and to the Burlington International Airport. If you'd like to be on board, take these two early steps:

- 1) Submit the following form (filled in, wiseacres) to the Front Desk
- 2) Check The Crumb and the Front Desk Friday for Taxi Times.

DEPARTURE PLANS:

Name (yours) _____

Date (circle) SAT., 17 Aug. or SUN., 18 Aug.

Shared free Taxi to Middlebury Bus or Shared Hired Taxi to Burlington Airport

Bus Time _____ Airline/Flight _____

Destination _____ Flight Time _____

Thanks!

...the smell and taste of things remain poised
a long time, like souls, ready to remind us, waiting
and hoping for their moment, amid the ruins of all
the rest; and bear unfaltering, in the tiny
and almost impalpable drop of their essence,
the vast structure of recollection.

--Marcel Proust, Swann's Way

OF WHAT IS PAST, OR PASSING, OR TO COME:

9:00	Francine Prose Donald Justice Tim O'Brien William Matthews	Workshop	Barn 3 Barn 2 Barn 1 Barn 6
10:40	Nancy Willard Ron Powers/David Bain Marvin Bell Hilma Wolitzer	Workshop	Barn 6 Barn 3 Barn 2 Barn 1
2:00	Mary Pope Osborne Nancy Tilly	Reading from their Fiction for Young Adults	Little Theatre
3:00	Hilma Wolitzer Nancy Willard Mark Strand	Panel on Writing for Children	Little Theatre
4:00	James Brown Lynn Emanuel Leslie Ullman	Reading from his Fiction Reading from her Poetry Reading from her Poetry	Little Theatre
8:00	Mark Strand	Reading from <u>Mr. and Mrs. Baby</u> , and new poems...	"

Glover Bartlett and his wife Tracy lay in their king-size bed under a light blue cambric comforter stuffed with down. They stared in to the velvety, perfumed dark. Then Glover turned on his side to look at his wife. Her golden hair surrounded her face, making it seem smaller. Her lips were slightly parted. He wanted to tell her something. But what he had to say was so charged that he hesitated. He had mulled it over in private; now he felt he must bring it into the open, regardless of the risks. "Darling," he said, "there's something I've been meaning to tell you."

Tracy's eyes widened with apprehension. "Glover, please, if it's going to upset me, I'd rather not hear...."

"It's just that I was different before I met you."

"What do you mean 'different'?" Tracy asked, looking at him.

"I mean, darling, that I used to be a dog."

"You're putting me on," said Tracy.

"No, I'm not," said Glover.

Tracy stared at her husband with mute astonishment. A silence weighted with solitude filled the room. The time was ripe for intimacy; Tracy's gaze softened into a look of concern.

"A dog?"

"Yes, a collie," said Glover reassuringly.

--Mark Strand, from "Dog Life",
Mr. and Mrs. Baby

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

"Aiken recalled the remark--he thought Henry Adams was responsible for it--to the effect that academic society was too often a faculty meeting without business. He said that as he planned to talk shop with Sam later in the evening they ought at least to keep away from it at table. As a result, Sam had to talk about himself, but eventually they got on to the more comfortable topic of character and idiom in up-country New England." So wrote Theodore Morrison in his 1957 novel To Make a World, and he ought to know. From 1932 through 1955, Ted was the Director of The Writers' Conference, and shaped what we are getting acquainted with in more ways than can be recounted. As poet, novelist, scholar, and part of this place, he'll be joining us newer-comers at lunch today. Welcome back to you.

And having once turned round walks on

DONE TO A TURN

Bill Allen, Helen Schulman, Celine Keating, John Ganassi, Katherine Mosby, Richard Lanor, Julia Carson, Ray McNiece, Sandra Steingraber, Al Davis, Marcy Frantom, Lee Polevoi, and Rachel Crumble all nicely browned themselves under the warming lamps of the Blue Parlor last night, in the first of the Blue-Scholar Workers' readings. Return to the Planet of the Waitroids tonight after Mark Strand's reading, and feast your ears with the following:

Luann Keener
Judith Slater
Ned C. Balbo
Darlene Jirikowic

Marian Yee
Pete Turchi
Ted Lardner
Gerry Shapiro

T.J. Anderson III
Beth Weatherby
David Schweilel
and Matt Parr.

GOING ONCE, GOING TWICE

Get 'em before they're hot--and someone else is drinking from them. Delicious fire-baked Bread Loaf Mugs are suitable for framing, built to withstand years of heavy construction work, water-repellent, hypo-allergenic, and will not harm furniture if used as directed. By a sort of retail miracle, they're also available at the Book-store. Buy 25 and have them autographed by your favorite Bearers of Good Cheer.

URNS HIS NECESSITY TO GLORIOUS GAIN

The Annual Writers' Conference Book SALE starts tomorrow. Here's what happens: Books and Books Only are discounted 20% (sorry, no refunds or exchanges on Sale Books), and you snap them up to read with coffee and pleasure for a long time to come. This extravaganza will continue from Thursday to Saturday at noon, when Karen, Sue Ellen, and Martha close up shop for good.

FROM WHOSE BOURN/NO PULLOVER RETURNS

Barbara Manosh has been missing a lavender Northern Isle sweater since last Tuesday. If you do see it, please send it on its way to the Lost and Found at the Front Desk.

UT PICTORA POESIS

Handsome black and white photographs will be taken today of the Staffs, Fellows, and Scholars (Treman, 12:30); should you wish to order one, leave your name, address, and \$5.00 to cover developing and mailing with the folks in the Secretaries' Office. Your 8 X 10 print should wing its way to your door sometime in late October to take you back months into your youth.

BACK OUT OF ALL THIS NOW TOO MUCH FOR US

Remember to turn in your departure plans to the Front Desk as soon as you know them.

BOUND FOR SHADY GROVE

Virginia State Troopers report that a man answering to George Murphy's description narrowly escaped custody somewhere around Charlottesville late Tuesday. The suspect was apprehended maneuvering "some sort of makeshift rocket sled" up Route 1 in excess of posted speed limits. To routine questioning, the man answered that he'd been "having some trouble with his houseboat," and slipped away in the ensuing confusion. Authorities in the East have been alerted.

TO PRESERVE THE SPIRIT AND FORM OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT

This late notice: "Did anyone find a very pretty light blue bra in the Laundry Room yesterday? It's size 34B...and I really would like it back. It's the sentimental value, you see. Kathryn Jordan, Annex 5"

TO THE FIRST AUTUMNAL INHALATIONS

Another late notice: For the final three days of the Conference, we will be hosting six Brazilian writers--Raimundo Carrero, Maria Amelia Mello, Claudius Portugal, Miriam Fraga, Moacir Amancio, and Inis Da Costa. They'll be joining us at workshops, readings, and meals; please give them a warm welcome.

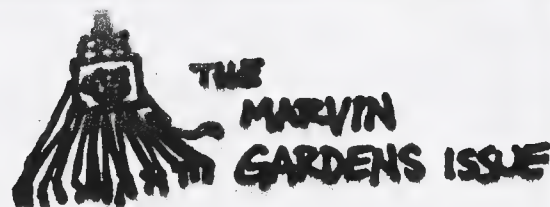
BRAVE NEW WORLD

Bill Allen and Sandra Steingraber are holding a discussion on Writing and Politics for all interested parties after Stanley Elkin's reading Friday night in the Blue Parlor. Prepare for your re-entry with this good talk.

UNTIL BY TURNING WE COME ROUND RIGHT

To close, this from Ted Morrison's history/memoir, Bread Loaf Writer's Conference: The First Thirty Years: "Instead of trying to carry the record down to the present, perhaps I may be allowed to go back to Treman Cottage for one brief scene. At the end of the 1955 session, I was pointedly bidden to be present at the pre-banquet hour. As I would have been there anyway, I felt that something was brewing, and indeed it was....[T]hey made me a parting present of a beautiful and, I am afraid, anything but inexpensive jade lotus bowl, an object to contemplate in serenity when I had shed the cares of a small but sometimes frenetic office. With less than the steadiest hands, I lifted the light-flecked, delicate petals toward the mantel piece above the fireplace. Just as the bowl was about to come to rest, a horrible sound of smithereens rang through the room. I think every face in sight was aghast, including my own. But it was not the jade bowl that had fallen and shattered on the bricks of the hearth. It was just a cocktail glass dislodged by my elbow. All in all, not an inappropriate farewell."

THE CRUMB



Vol. 60, No. 3

The Bell Loaf Lettres' Conference

Thurs., Aug. 24, 1985

I had been a bell all my life, and never knew it
until that moment I was lifted up and struck.

--Annie Dillard

A LA CARTE:

9:00	Hilma Wolitzer	Lecture	Little Theatre
10:10	Marvin Bell	Lecture	Little Theatre
11:20	Geoffrey Wolff	Lecture	Little Theatre
2:00	Discussion Groups		Locations posted on bulletin board outside Dining Hall
4:00	Andrew Hudgins	Reading from the poetry of A.H.	Little Theatre
	Bob Shacochis	Reading from the fiction of B.S.	
	Leslie Ullman	Reading from the poetry of L.U.	
8:15	Ron Powers	Reading from <u>White Town Drowsing</u>	Little Theatre

The Mississippi runs through nearly every remembered picture I have of Hannibal. It is visible from all the hilltops that ring the old central business district, including the top of Union Street Hill, where my maternal grandparents lived. More than a visual memory, though, the Mississippi asserts itself in my thoughts as an almost sentient presence of weight and movement--a savvy channel out there on the innocent prairie, profound with some secret intelligence, or at least the sort of volition associated with lifeblood.

The river lent animation to the town; the river blessed and cursed Hannibal with animation in much the same way that Mark Twain blessed and cursed Hannibal with his legacy. The blessing lay in the river's usefulness as a marketing conduit, and in its beauty, and in its irresistible metaphor as memory; Hannibal has always been dreamily in love with its unrequiting past. The curse lay in flooding. Six or seven times a century, the Mississippi River would swell up out of its channel and submerge the very epicenter of commerce (railroads, hotels, restaurants, shops and and stores) that its animating force had coaxed to the riverbanks. Hannibal's most peculiar trait has been its susceptibility to ruination from its assets.

The Mississippi worked on the deeper instincts. Its soundless summer-day shimmerings, its deadpan placidity and friendly lappings in nonflooded times, only sharpened its intimation of sentient weight and movement, and lent the river a patina of terror--the kind of terror felt not so much when one was gazing at the river and and astonished by its daylight majesty, but later, at night, and forever, in one's dreams.

--Ron Powers, from White Town Drowsing

STOCK PHRASES

This afternoon there will be the West Lawn of the Inn, reading, at 5:30. You will talk there, free, so bring Barn will be thoughtfully gathering, a party in all take

an All-Conference Reception on after the Hudgins/Shacochis/Ullman Receive drinks and food and fine your mouth. In case of rain, a provided. In case this is a fictional respects similar will actually place.

BELL CANTO

Madriguy Dick Mounts reports the first meeting of the "usually unaccompanied" Madrigal Singers "a harmonious success." However, adds El Maestro, "more singers are needed. I do not offer a competitive compensation package, but singing improves cardiorespiratory response and is less hazardous than jogging or jousting. Madrigal singing is also versatile, suitable for cocktail parties and formal dinners." At which Bread Loaf functions, may I interject, they will perform. "Rehearsals will continue nightly between the measures marked 'dinner' and 'evening reading', in the Barn."

CANT BRINGTO

Unfortunately, the Dining Room is too small. There are no guest tickets available for the Final Banquet next Friday, and you mustn't bring guests in spite of this fact. Our apologies.

Going to yellow --

CLEAR AS A BELL

"Dear Crumb(s): Please include a clear notice about Sat.'s costume party and Sunday's 20's dress-up. We are confused." Signed, presumably, Confused. Well, Connie, I'd be happy to oblige.

Just as you've begun to remember names and faces, Bread Loaf offers you two chances to forget them all: The first is that dance you mentioned, which happens Saturday. We request that you come dressed or pantsed as your favorite author. Albert Goldbarth, say. On Sunday, there is a Croquet Match--probably on the Lawn in front of Tamarack--to which you might come in Croquet Garb, whatever that happens to be. Use your discretion. More details to come in future issues.

CLEAR AS A BELLE

Many people on this campus are searching for a Real Princess. Something is being done about it. Tonight, one of you will have special trouble sleeping. Consider that there may be a Pea hidden under your downy mattresses. We'll be looking for you.

MOB BELL

Bob Handy says that the pay phones work, but that as the price for a local call or operator is still a Vermont low of ten cents, the phones do not respond to quarters. Also please read the phoning directions printed on the rare device--there are Vermont quirks. Also also, remember to check your mailbox for phone messages, especially after meals and evening soirees.

JIM GIRARD, INSTEAD

Wishes you who write on computers to know that a leaflet describing an electronic writer's workshop (run by Bread Loaf alumna Sharon Lerch) is available in the Blue Parlor. Help yourself. Jim also says that "Anyone wanting to know more" is invited to look him up here.

EXCITABELL BOY

High Anxiety is tonight's movie, to be shown in the Barn at 9:30 tonight unless I am very much mistaken, which happens.

POTATO HEADS

Fit yourself out with one at the impressive series of parties to be held tomorrow. The Potatable Heads on the Social Staff will help you get fried, hashed browned, mashed, or even O'Briened at:

A Cocktail Meet behind the Little Theatre, on the Library Porch, 5:30.

A gala buffet Dinner, served on the West Lawn, thereafter.

The Birthday Party to end them all, following Bob Pack's reading, in the Barn, featuring a fine Birthday Cake and a virulent Champagne Punch. We promise protruding eyes and a curious urge to bury yourself.

BE THERE WITH BELLS ON

Pete Nelson brung his guitar, and wants to play with any BLWC musicians. Drop a note--or a whole riff--in his box.

HIGH HEEL ANXIETY

Sue Ellen Thompson wants to meet anyone with a pair of black high heels, roughly size seven, about the dance Saturday. See her in the Bookstore or send her an intriguing letter. Said Bill Matthews, when approached: "I have a pair, but they're in my other pants."

THE BELLE SHOAF WRITERS' CORRESPONDENCE

Reading Assemblywoman Diann Shoaf would like you to begin being curious about the Readings by the Administrative Staff (next Tues, Wed, at 3:00), and the Non-Working Scholars (Sun, Mon, nights after the 8:15 reading). Details to come.

But MORE IMPORTANTLY STILL, SHE WISHES YOU TO UNDERSTAND that the Grossman and Gray Lectures will be switched, the former taking place Monday at 3:00, the latter Tuesday at 2:00.

THERE WERE BELLS ON THE HILL, BUT I NEVER HEARD THEM RINGING

And, now, what you've all been listening for...OVERHEARD at Treman: "Get up here and then I'll grovel." "I would smash a Coke bottle over my nose to win you." "That guy is so preppy, I bet he never goes blind." In the Barn: "When I was in my prehistoric period..." By the Courts: "The dumbest oversights of Romantic Free Verse are comparable not so much to playing the game without a net as to playing the game without balls." Behind the Kitchen: C--"If you touch me there, you'll discover that I don't have any niblets." J--"I already know that."

You probably already guessed that C stands for Cathy Young and J for John Canaday. Submit your guesses to The Crumb concerning the following quote--who said it to whom, and why?

"You're the only brown girl I know here."

Have another splendid day.

THE CRUMB

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF FRIDAY

Vol. 60, No. 11

The Bread Loaf Writers' Anthology

Fri., Aug 23, 1985

Responsible journalism is journalism responsible
in the last analysis to the editor's own conviction
of what, whether interesting or only important,
is in the public interest.

--Walter Lippmann

SELECTED PROS:

9:00	Stanley Elkin Geoffrey Wolff Linda Pastan	Workshop	Barn 1 Barn 6 Barn 2
10:40	Bin Ramke Eric Trethewey Alan Hines	Reading from his Poetry Reading from his Poetry Reading from his Fiction	Little Theatre
2:00	David Bain Jay Parfni	Reading Nonfiction Reading from one of his genres	Little Theatre
8:15	Stanley Elkin	Reading from <u>The Rabbi of Lud...</u>	Little Theatre

"Oh," said the fastidious girl, "look at this bed. What I've done to the sheets." Some of her handkerchiefs, wadded, stained, had shaken loose from the sleeves of her dress, from her collar and waistband, from the hem of her skirt. They lay about her like ruined flowers, exploded ordnance. "Please," she said, "hold me. Just till they find us."

He held her, and it hurt even where her frail weight pressed against his chest, his belly, his heart. He held her, and she told him she'd never taken her eyes off him that day they'd all undressed on the island. He held her, and she told him she loved him.

"Oh, Benny, the good die young," Rena Morgan said, and died.

He was with her when Mary Cottle and the others found them.

"She said she loved me," Benny told them when they walked in.

"Oh," Mr. Moorhead said. "Oh, God. Oh," he said, as if suddenly it was all quite clear to him.

Which it was.

Because everything has a reasonable explanation. The physician had determined to bring no one along who he was not certain could survive the trip. It was her respiration, her terrible heavy breathing that had caused her spasms and loosed the poisons in her chest, the mucus and biles, the clots and congestions hanging together and preserving her life by the strings of the ordinary. The great prognostician had simply failed to factor her desire into the equation. He had missed his prognosis because he hadn't taken her sighs into account, the squalls, blasts, and aerodynamics of passion, all the high winds and gale-force bluster of love.

--Stanley Elkin's The Magic Kingdom

THE NIGHTINGALES SING

Thanks from the Scholars, Administrative Staff, Fellows, and Blue Scholar Workers to the audiences who listened so thoroughly these afternoons and evenings.

HATS LIKE WHITE ELEPHANTS

Hope your Chapeau is Beau today at lunch, because you could win the cheap prize of a lifetime. Strut your Easter finery (any religion welcome) and make your neighbors talk behind your back for weeks.

THE MAYPOLE OF MERRYMOUNT

"The Writers' League of Boston, a non-profit organization that brings together writers and the community in open, accessible settings, is looking for readers at both the Trident Bookseller and Cafe (every Sunday) and the Boston Public Library, Brighton branch (every month). Several Bread Loafers have read over the past year.

Send 6-10 poems or 2-3 stories (with SASE) to:

Writers League of Boston
c/o Trident Booksellers and Cafe
338 Newbury St.
Boston, MA 02115

For further information contact Ray McNiece, in Box room 39.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

THE MAGIC BARRELS

Of drink and canapes will pour forth their bounties upon you this afternoon on the Treman Lawn. As this is a very special and very festive All Conference Gala, we will commence at 5:00 in order to give you an extra half-hour to get bombed before dinner. The Aquariuses of the Social Staff will bear your drink, and Cornucopricorn Mary Duffy and her Canape Crew will feed you until the stars spin. Bring nothing but your appetites and good moods, and be reminded that this is a dressy affair.-- you might want to save your hat from lunch. Enjoy yourselves and others!

OF THIS TIME, OF THAT PLACE

This time, Sue Ellen, Martha and Karen relent.

The Bookstore will be open Saturday from 5:00-5:30 to sell copies of Reasons to Live and A Leak in the Heart after Amy Hempel's and Faye Moskowitz's reading. Today, the Sale Continues. Books a near steal at 20% discount.

WHEN IT'S HUMAN AND WHEN IT'S DOG

Saturday evening, Bell and Shore will give a benefit concert in the Barn. Your two dollar donation will go to the Burlington Humane Society for their good works. Show starts 5:15, in the Barn.

BIG BLONDE

This from a disgruntled reader of the Ladies' poem:

IN ANSWER:

So you thought that a pleasant ditty/Personally I thought it pretty s*****/those who judge on color of hair--/that we wish our anatomy to bare/whose puerile dreams/and lascivious schemes/produce such great expectations/in those capable of but weak ejaculations./And for those dark of hair/trying to tear/an object of desire/ from the thought of a blondes fire--/good luck.

POWERHOUSE

Dress as yourself for the last knockout dance in the Barn Saturday Night. Shirley Stirneman will Preside.

BARN BURNING

Before George Murphy even arrived, Bob Houston, preacher, saved Ben Reynolds from the sin of Dramatic Irony, and Judy Cofer from the sin of Poetic License. Praise the Lord.

A TRUE HISTORY

Deborah Luepnitz has some questions she'd like to ask about Plato's Symposium to help her with a book on The Family. Anyone interested please get in touch with her through the mails or in Bridgman.

AN OUTPOST OF PROGRESS

Bill Allen and Sandra Steingraber invite anyone interested to speak with them tonight after Stanley Elkin's reading concerning Politics and Poetry, in the Blue Parlor.

THE OUTSTATION

Go directly to the Front Desk to plan for your departure to the Airport or Bus Station, or you may not pass Go.

WINTER DREAMS

Remember your sleepless nights and those you spent them with by taking home Bread Loaf Mementoes:

- 1) Our house-trained, AKC registered, lovable and smart Bread Loaf Coffee Mugs.
- 2) Breck Hair Spray, in Regular or Super Hold, available practically on the same shelf as the above in the Bookstore.
- 3) Bread Loaf Staff, Administrative Staff, Scholars, Fellows, and Waitroids smile for you on film. Prepay for fall delivery of the photographs (8x10, Black by White, and lovely) at the Secretaries' Office. Only \$5.00.

YOU COULD LOOK IT UP

Overheard with Evident Delight: W--"Have we had sex yet?" M--"No." W--"Then you can't talk to me like that."

That's all from the Secret Sharer. Good day, and have a pleasant tonight.

THE CRUMB

RETROSPECTIVE/COUNT YORE BLOSSING ISSUE ...

Vol. 60, No. 12

The Bread Loaf Daily Conference

Sat., Aug. 24, 1985

I thank you for your voices, thank you,
Your most sweet voices.

--Shakespeare, Coriolanus

WE GATHER TOGETHER:

9:00	Mark Strand Francine Prose Paul Mariani	Workshop	Barn 2 Barn 1 Barn 6
10:40	Sydney Lea Joyce Johnson	Reading from his poetry Reading from her nonfiction	Little Theatre
2:00	Francine Prose Linda Pastan Robert Pack Tim O'Brien	Panel Discussion: Literary Closure	Little Theatre
4:00	Amy Hempel Mark Jarman Faye Moskowitz	Reading from her fiction from his poetry from her fiction	Little Theatre
8:15	Donald Justice	Reading from his poetry...	Little Theatre

You write that you are ill, confused. The trees
Outside the window of the room they gave you
Are wet with tears each morning when they wake you
Out of the sleep you never quite fall into.
There is some dream of traffic in your head

That stops and goes, and goes, and does not stop
Sometimes all night, all day. The motorcade
Winds past you like the funeral cortege
Of someone famous you had slept with, once or twice.
(Another fit of tears dampens the leaves, the page.)

You would expose your wounds, pull down your blouse,
Unbosom yourself wholly to the young doctor
Who has the power to sign prescriptions, passes,
Who seems to like you...And so to pass
Into the city once again, one of us,

Hurrying by the damp trees of a park
Towards a familiar intersection where
The traffic signal warns you not to cross,
To wait, just as before, alone--but suddenly
Ten years older, tamed now, less mad, less beautiful.

--Donald Justice, "A Letter", Departures

SHIRLEY YOU'RE JOKING

High-toned music from the contemporary scene will float among the rafters of the Barn tonight at the Annual Princess Stirneman Beer Cotillion. Since her highness is a proponent of the New Wave in regal bearing, she graciously proclaims that costumes are not necessary. Just wear some clothes. The Lords of the Chamber and Ladies-In-Waiting from the Social Court will treat you according to your stations in the Last Party of the Season. Do come.

COUNT US OUT

For all practical purposes, the Bookstore closes today at NOON. It will open from 5:00-5:30 to sell only the following selections: books by Amy Hempel, Faye Moskowitz, Syd Lea, and Joyce Johnson. So buy your juicy, char-broiled, U.S.D.A. choice coffee mugs this morning.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

That's right, departure time looms. Please see the Front Desk as soon as possible to arrange for your Last Rides.

ACCOUNTS OF MONTE CRISCO

From the dining hall come rumors of a Bread Loaf waitroids Anthology. Keep your Ears open.

THE REVERBERATING PSALM, THE RIGHT CHORALE

This evening at 8:10, the Bread Loaf Madrigal Singers, fresh from the Stables, will perform for your enjoyment, so bring some to the West Lawn by the Little Theatre then. One reviewer praised their "subdued and dulcet sound...of that melting flute-like quality."* Come agree, O Madrigal Listeners.

(Yo, Madrigal Singers! The Listeners may not need any rehearsal after several days of ear training at events formal and informal, but we do. This is the day we've lived, dreamed, and sweated for. Please meet on the West porch of the Little Theatre at 8:00 pm tonight for a pep rally/warm up/practice/moral preparation for the adulation of cheering throngs. Then we'll kick it out...)

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES ♣♣

Purchase pictures promptly, prepaid, at the Portrait Palace in the Secretarial Pool Room. Pore over Staff, Scholars, Fellows, Blue-Scholar Waiters, and Administrative Staff, pleased as your past passes before you, around Pumpkin Picking. Payola: One Pentadollar.

LET ME COUNT THE WAYS

Mary Freericks offers you a convenient selection of experiences to regale your friends with after the Conference. Here are the wise words:

HOW TO SURVIVE AT BREAD LOAF

Fictionalize your packet of rules/find the room at the end of the hall,/ if you see four windows, unpack./ Do not check the number against the slip,/ take the largest chest of drawers.

Sneak the typewriter under a beach towel/up the stairs. Snore your roommate/ out of the room. In the bathroom,/at lectures, near the pond and mountain/ break the no writing rule!

On the hottest day play hookie,/drive to Lake Dunmore, enter/ the rocky waters, let schools of fish/ nibble your ankles, lift your legs, submerge,/ float, know only mountain, water, and sky.

BREAD LOAF: THE LAST SIXTY YEAR

Now that you're finalizing your departure plans and planning to write, I'd like to take a minute to make some needed thanks. For starters, to the Kitchen Staff and Waitroids for beating us to breakfast and keeping us up late. (Remember to Tip Lavishly)...To Carl Stach for his public humiliations...To the Nation of Brazil, for their curiosity about and poise in the face of "Famous American Writers"...To the Maids, who, inconcievably, make our beds (Tip Ditto Ditto)...To those unsung singers, the unsuspecting Overheard (In the Barn: A--"Why so many babies at Bread Loaf this year?" B--"Fear of death.")...To the Imp of the Perverse, who larded these pages with gross errors I'll have to live with forever, reset my alarm clock, ate the legal size paper, and made his influence felt all over this place--without which, may I add, the Conference would not be itself...To the distinguished contributors, who set a new standard for timeliness in putting stuff in the Box and beckoning me into alleys at appropriate times...To Larch Well's mysterious relative, manning the DisConsole at Rumor Control...To the Merry Pranksters who (now it can be told) sprinkled Maria Guarneschelli's bed with gravel in hopes that she would wake to her princessly self...To all late night visitors when they were needed by anyone, including those who dropped by the Crumb Office...To Nurse Laurie Brown, under the pressure of being constantly on call...To the Office Staff--Diann, Linda, Robyn, and Karen--who xeroxed, typed, scheduled, composed and arranged this unruly mass of paper and people...to Dave, Scott, Paul, Bob and Joan for fronting Inn Central and keeping us in touch...To George Murphy, for remaining more or less graceful under charity, and to Bob Houston, charity's agent in this World of Sin...To Dick Mounts, for measureless dedication to tonight's Madrigal coda...To Andie, Ben, Blue, Cathy, Debbie, John, Woody, and Again to Ben for the most impossibly good job against impossible odds--making the Social Side of this Conference run as smoothly as possible...and to Jack Bridgman, who foresaw it all...To Chris and Stanley for their administrative labors, certifying that everyone got heard and heard on time...To Bob Pack, for his Genius Loci...and of course to Carol Knauss, Mother Superior, for moving the mountain. Wonderful works, all, beyond saying. Thank you.

Since this is the last official Crumb of the summer (tomorrow, just the comics), I'd like also to thank James and Bernie for their contributing editorship and good company. Good job, guys.

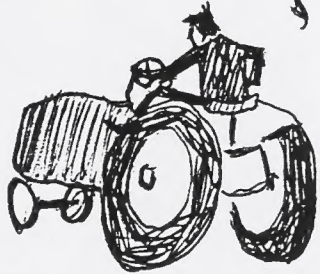
And most of all, thanks to all of you here this session, for your writing and talking and thinking and care, for making this August--uniquely and once again--remarkable, and for being such good news.

Yours,

the Editor



Farewell from



BLOAF COUNTY

